

# Map Of The World

## City and Colour

There is a map of the world  
That lies upon my weary face  
Each line representing a mile  
I have traveled from place to place  
The colours are fading  
The edges are tattered  
It's grown a little worn with age  
There is a map of the world  
That lies upon my weary face That I cannot erase  
I cannot erase  
Ooh-ooh  
I cannot erase The current of life pulled me under  
And I was swept away  
Expanding the distance between us  
Every second to every day  
I thought I had given  
All I could offer  
While trying to keep the dogs at bay  
But the current of life pulled me under  
And I was swept away Beneath the tidal wave  
Beneath the tidal wave  
Ooh-ooh  
Beneath the tidal wave  
Beneath the tidal wave  
I will be erased

Songwriters

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